

Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

FROM THE ENDS OF THE ROAD

I can see a country highway where the
On the dew-wet roadside herbage, and
along between the cows
Lolls a freckled little urchin with an
sly switch, and he's
Slashing leaves from off the bushes; and
the giggling country breeze
Lifts his curls up from a forehead that's
as smooth as smooth can be.
And there's something in the urchin that
reminds me some of me.

Guess it's me all right; and Brindle
ambles slowly on before.
And Old Pled and old Brown Betsy, all
the cattle known of yore,
And I know the idle switching of the
bushes by the way
Shows a discontented spirit in the me
of yesterday;
For the me of then is longing for the
ways 'twas mine to gain;
But the me of now is fretting for the old-
time country lane.

Oh, the me of then knew nothing of
the things of which I dreamed,
And the city called me, called me, and
all things were what they seemed;
But the me here in the city with his hair
grown thin and gray
Knows each thing of which he's longing,
every path of yesterday.
Which one is the least contented that me
boy who longed of yore,
Or the man whose years have brought
him everything he hankered for?
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

THE PASSING OF ZILK.

The Result of a One-Sided Duel.

BY MABEL R. BROWN.

"WE all have our weaknesses, I
reckon," Simpson was saying,
with an easy drawl. "Zilk boasted of
his, and most of us keep mum. Zilk
confessed his sins even before he com-
mitted them. Sometimes I think he
was bluffing Dowsy all the time and
didn't mean to have things come to a
finish. Anyway, he wasn't a bad sort
of chap, was he?"

That was Simpson to a T. If he
couldn't say much good of a man he
wouldn't say evil. I remember reading
somewhere once that a man who is a
friend of all men is the friend of none.
My moralizer goes on to say that a
man with strong likes must perforce
have strong dislikes or be a weakling.
His aim is to prove that a man in-
capable of intense hatred is incapable of
intense love as well.

Simpson was a weakling according
to this. Hatred was as foreign to his
nature as craftiness is to the soul of a
nun. He was an easy-going, indolent
chap, but there wasn't a man in Creek-
er's camp who wouldn't have vouch-
ered for him to the last drop of gin in
Skeller's bar, which was a pretty good
pledge in the old days.

And Zilk? Zilk was a man after my
moralist's own heart. He could hate
with a hatred that would have inspired
a Poe and driven a Kempis to despair.
He was as true an example of impu-
lse run riot as I ever expect to see. He
was a great fine animal to look at—
muscular, brawny and natural in every
gesture. Whatever his faults, deceit
was not one of them; he was as frank
with his vices as we were with our
good points. Zilk didn't pose as a
professional bad man; he didn't pose as
anything, in fact, for he seemed to
think he was entitled to live without
giving an account of himself or of his
pedigree.

The first tenter who asked him where
he hailed from got a stare that sent
him back several paces.

"What's it to you?" asked Zilk. "I'm
from Nowhere and I'm bound for the
same place." But the next instant he
reached out and put a detaining hand
on the fellow's shoulder. "Look here,
pard," he said, "I'm from Hobbs's bot-
tom, if you must know, and as for my
movings, I seem to have struck off just
about here. Back in the country I
come from its dangerous to ask ques-
tions, for the fellows ain't trained up
to lying. They'd rather use a gun than
an excuse."

"No offense meant," said Simpson,
for it was he; and then to square
things he invited the new-comer to
share a bunk in his tent.

"It's a go," Zilk said, and I may as
well state now that he rewarded Simp-
son's generosity as well as he could.
He left him two blankets, a goodly sup-
ply of tobacco and the best pipe that
had been in the camp for a score of
years.

A little later Zilk confessed, or rather
boasted, that he had been driven out
of his last stopping place at the muzzle
of a six-shooter for conduct unbecom-
ing a humanitarian.

"Just fights," he said, "fights all the
time. I'd rather fight than eat, but I
like a real one with something in the
stake. I'd rather kill Jim Dowsy than
do 'most anything—and I will
some day, when I go back."

Jim Dowsy was only a name to us.
We hadn't an idea who he was, and
didn't try to find out until one night
at Skeller's. The mugs had been
around three times and the pipes were
getting empty.

"Who's Jim Dowsy?" asked Bob
Rounds, suddenly. Zilk didn't show
fight, but answered civilly enough.

"He's an Irish dog. He's the lowest
cuss God ever made, I reckon, except
me, and I'm not a shade worse."

"What's your quarrel?" Rounds went
on, and to our surprise Zilk leaned back
in his seat and grew reminiscent.

He had pale brown eyes that looked
yellow under his tawny lashes. He
opened them wide now, and I noticed
something akin to tenderness in their
expression.

"I was in love once, fellows," he
said.

There was no rough outbreak in the
circle. For one reason we wanted the
story, and for another, the miner,
rough as he is, has a good deal of re-
spect for things feminine and likes to
treasure it up.

"She was a little silver of a thing,"
Zilk went on, "and about as pretty as
they make 'em, I reckon. Of course,
she couldn't care for a great hulk of a

fellow like me, could she? Well, no-
body asked her to. I wasn't hanging
around there just to make her tired of
living. I suppose she might have
thought some of trying to reform me
if she had known, but I didn't ask her
to take the job. I knew there wasn't
any reform in me, and even if I had
been reformed down to the ground, I
wouldn't have been good enough for
her. I didn't pester her once with any
news of me and my feelings, only I
used to watch for her sometimes, and
would talk a little. I would stand
away out along the trail till her pony
came by—then I'd go back to the fel-
low and think. Thinking is good for a fel-
low when he gets sentimental. It's a
damned sight better than talking. That
slip of a girl kept me pretty straight
for a time, only she didn't know it.
The rum tent could have gone dry for
all of me, and my muscles got so soft
from stand-idle they were almost flab-
by. It was a queer thing the way that
little kid—"

Zilk stopped abruptly.
"Where does Jim Dowsy come in?"
asked Bob.

"Dowsy?" he said, musingly, as if it
were an effort to get the girl out of his
mind. "Dowsy? Lord! I must
have been born hating him! At any
rate, we had a feud so long back that
I've forgotten how the thing started.
It wasn't the feud, anyway, that made
me hate him, but just his pure cussed-
ness. Sometimes, though, I feel as if
I'd be lonesome if I really did take a
drop on him, I've got so used to hating
him."

"What's he got to do with the girl?"
Bob asked, gingerly. We expected
some objections, but none came. Zilk
was evidently perfectly willing to go
through his cross-examination.

"He's married to her," he said,
gruffly.

"The devil!" Bob exclaimed. Every
man in the group started. Zilk had
spoiled our story; we didn't want it to
end that way.

"He's married to her," Zilk repeat-
ed, "and it all happened because I
didn't kill him. It was plainly up to
me to do it. There's a time for all
things in this world, and the man who
slips his chance has to pay for it."
Simpson moved uneasily in his seat.

"You're still laying for him, eh?" he
asked, with a tinge of disapproval in
his tone.

Zilk smiled. "I'm still laying for
him," he said, "and the day he breaks
the little kid's heart is the day I put
a hole in his. That's all. I just want-
ed you fellows to know."

"What for?" asked Bob.

Zilk smiled again. "You'll under-
stand later," he said; and we did, for
Jim Dowsy came to the camp next
week.

He Simpson, general philanthropist
and friend of tramps, took me into his
tent the next day, and I bunked along-
side of Zilk. I like the man, and be-
came his partisan. I even found my-
self plotting the taking off of Dowsy,
as deliberately as if he had been my
own particular enemy instead of Zilk's;
but when he came I avoided him as I
would the pest, and prayed inwardly
that Zilk wouldn't learn he was in the
camp. The news was out the next
day. Zilk took it calmly; he didn't
even load his gun, which disappointed me
somewhat. Afterward I learned that
he never unloaded the critter ex-
cept on provocation.

It's a strange thing, but the habits
of a rough mining camp hanker for a
killing with as much vim as the aver-
age rancher hankers for a legitimate
funeral. Then, after the killing is
over, they will get in and legislate for
justice with a new supply of vim, or
string the culprit up if he happens to
be unpopular. Zilk had taken us into
his confidence and we were pledged to
play fair with him. We knew that he
wasn't a man to use his dirk in the
dark, and we didn't put any guards on
duty. Officers of a mining camp are
not very strong on preventing crime.

The girl Zilk loved? I suppose she
ought to be described somewhere, but I
have always been so disappointed that
I couldn't describe her just as Zilk
saw her, that I draw back from the
task. Zilk wasn't a keen judge of
feminine beauty; he hadn't known
many to compare her with. To him
she was beautiful. To us? Well, she
was Jim Dowsy's wife, a dull-looking
mountain girl, rugged, healthy and or-
dinary. And Zilk had put her up on a
pedestal, and had thought her words
too good for him. Maybe she was.
That wasn't the question we were
called upon to decide.

They had been married only a short
time, Zilk said, and he didn't know
why they had come to the camp. He
seemed to avoid them, on the whole.
I thought he had discarded all
thoughts of vengeance, until one night
when I saw him sitting at the door of
the tent ramming fresh cartridges in-
to his revolver; he seemed to be
changing them for mere sport.

"I'm going to cut across the pass,"
he said. I followed him at a distance.
I was not exactly a tenderfoot, even
in those days, but I had something of
the preacher in my nature, and it was
liable to crop out at inopportune mo-
ments.

What in the devil did Zilk want to
kill Jim Dowsy for, I asked myself.
Zilk was a first-rate fellow and an or-
nament to the camp, and the girl
wasn't worth it. Here he was getting
ready to throw up his best chance in
life, and his soul along with it, for a
scamp who wasn't worth the powder
he would waste on him. I quickened
my pace as my argument got the bet-
ter of me, and overtook my man be-
fore he had made the first turn toward
the pass.

"Well?" he asked, ironically.
"What's up, Zilk?" I said, just as if
I didn't know.

I was a slender chap at the time, and
was supposed to have a tendency
toward consumption. Zilk put his
hand on my shoulder, and his grip
made me wince.

"I'm going to do the only decent
thing I ever did in my life," he said,
"and I shan't need any company to
help me out."

I stepped back, sheepishly. "Oh, I
thought—" I began, and stopped
abruptly—something in his eyes made
me wonder what he meant and just
what was his definition of decency.

"What did you change the loads for?"
I asked, recklessly. "There is the girl
to think of; you'll break her heart if
you kill him."

"I stepped back, sheepishly. 'Oh, I
thought—" I began, and stopped
abruptly—something in his eyes made
me wonder what he meant and just
what was his definition of decency.

"What did you change the loads for?"
I asked, recklessly. "There is the girl
to think of; you'll break her heart if
you kill him."

My shot sped home. Zilk's face
went white, and the same tender look
came into his eyes that I had noticed
before.

"I ain't after breaking her heart,"
he said, softly. "But do you think a
man like that could make her happy?
He'll be good to her for a while, and
then—Why, it ain't in a man of that
kind to do the square thing by a dog,
much less a woman."

"But she doesn't know that," I broke
in, warily. "She trusts him now, and
it isn't what a man is that makes a
woman happy; it's what he is to her."

"I was thinking of that," Zilk said,
slowly, and for the first time realized
just how much the man cared.

I turned my back for a moment and
tried to collect my thoughts, then—
"Let's go back to camp, Zilk," I
said.

Zilk looked me over and laughed,
with a tinge of sarcasm in his tone.
"Do you think I came out on this
trip with my mind only half made, and
that I was waiting for you to come
and tell me what to do?" he asked.

I kicked a stone reflectively,
and Zilk went on. "You haven't lived
overmuch and you don't understand
some things, that's all. I've never
had much hankering for pondering
out fine points myself, and I don't look
for reasons for things. There are some
engagements that a fellow has to keep,
and this is one of them."

His tone was bantering. I began to
feel reassured.

"You might take me along," I sug-
gested.

He acquiesced, and was silent until
we reached the pass. I noticed then
that he was growing nervous. He
turned to me suddenly.

"Did you ever do a thing without
knowing exactly why, and because
something—you didn't know what—
just made you do it?" he asked.

I nodded my head, although I did
not remember having had such an ex-
perience. I wanted the man to trust
me, and I knew that I had to appear
sympathetic.

"Well, that's the reason I'm going
to shoot Jim Dowsy," he said.

"You are going to do what?" I
asked, blankly.

"Oh, you needn't be harrowing your
soul about aiding in a murder," he
went on. "It's going to be a fair and
square fight. I've warned him, and
he can choose his own gun. The
world's too small for us two. Chet,
that's all there is to it. Maybe he
won't come, but I rather think he will.
He knows I won't warn him but once."

Dowsy came. He was there with
five escorts when we arrived, and Zilk
had a second only by accident. Dowsy
stood in the center of the group as if
he expected Zilk to get the drop on
him, and did not face about until the
latter was close at his elbow.

"Gentlemen—" began one of the
five, but Zilk waved him aside.

"We don't want any of that palaver,"
he said, and turned to Dowsy.

"Why did you bring all this rabble?"
he asked. "Weren't you man enough
to come alone?"

Dowsy did not answer; one of his
companions spoke up instead: "He
wanted witnesses for one thing, and
for another, we came to reason with
you. You have no cause to fight this
man; he says you are the better shot
of the two—that you have never been
known to miss your mark. Do you
think a man wants to walk out to be
murdered?"

"It all depends on his taste," Zilk
answered.

His reply seemed to puzzle the men.
They gathered together anew for a
consultation, and in the interval that
followed Zilk took his place.

"Are you ready, Jim?" he said in
as even a tone as he might have used
to a friend. "Will some one count?"
he went on, turning to the group.

The counting was uneven, for the
men were still conferring. Dowsy was
game, however, and stepped into place.

The two did not fire at the same
time. I could have sworn that Zilk
fired first; they seemed too close to-
gether for either to miss, and yet Zilk
was the one to fall. The witnesses
were still arguing to call off the affair
when I caught him and took his re-
volver. One look at the loads told the
story.

I handed it to Dowsy.

"Blank cartridges," I said, simply.
"You have shot an unarmed man."

Dowsy accepted the weapon with re-
luctance and dropped out one of the
shells.

"Now, what in thunder—" he be-
gan, and then, "Good Lord, I wonder
if he knew it!"

I put my hand on Zilk's heart before
I answered.

"I think he knew it all right," I said.
—San Francisco Argonaut.

PRESIDENT WAS A TAILOR.

Daughter of Andrew Johnson Sent
Back a Cloak That Didn't
Suit Him.

One of the retired business men of
Washington narrates an experience
with Mrs. Stover, a daughter of Presi-
dent Andrew Johnson, who resided at
the white house during the presidency
of her father, says the New York Trib-
une. He says:

"Mrs. Stover came to my store and
bought a stylish cloak of the then
modern pattern, the price of which
was \$75. She had it sent to the white
house and charged to President John-
son's account."

"About one week later she sent the
cloak back, and as we had not re-
ceived cash for it we were obliged to
take it."

"Mrs. Stover gave no explanation
of her course then, but a short time
afterward when she visited the store
I asked her what was the cause of her
dissatisfaction with the cloak and she
answered:

"I was satisfied with it, but papa
was not. He said that the cloak was
not of the best, the workmanship in-
ferior and the price too high. Now,
it is useless for you to argue with me
about it. I don't know anything
about it. If you want to argue about
it, go to the white house and see papa."

He was a tailor, you know, and he can
talk shop to you all right."

Had to Come Across.

Guest—Waiter, bring me a tip-top
dinner. You know what that means,
don't you?

Waiter—Yes, sah. It's one that you
top off with a tip.—The Smart Set.

THE ROOSEVELT PLATFORM

What the Chicago Declaration Means
When Translated Into Plain,
Everyday English.

The real republican platform is a
short document and runs as follows, as
translated by the St. Louis Republic:
"We are the Grand Old Party. We
are called a grand old fraud, the same
being obvious; but we don't mind so
long as we are comfortable, which we
are, thank you; and we want to stay
where we are, because it pays."

"We strenuously assert and insist
that everything everywhere is all right;
and that everybody is satisfied. We
are perfectly satisfied with ourselves
and are unable to see that anything
we have ever done is wrong. We are
unable to view with anything but
alarm anything which any other party
under any circumstances whatever
would do. 'Prosperity' is good enough
for us, and the people may go to."

"There are no issues in this cam-
paign. There is no trust question.
The trusts are just as good as they
can be and Mr. Roosevelt says that
they are very good. We like them our-
selves, at any rate; which means at
any rate of duty. Speaking of the tar-
iff, incidentally, we are its friends and
especially is it our friend. We would
no more think of revising it than of
knocking the bottom out of our cam-
paign barrels. In fact, we will not—
no, not while Pierpont lunches with
the president. Clipping the schedules
would be like cutting coupons green.

Let the 'good things' run on and ripen
—is our motto; and it is for us to
judge of what are and what are not
good things."

"Somebody has said something about
a boodle issue, but we ask the people
to forget it. If the g. o. p. can for-
give its own offenders, surely the least
the people can do is to forget. The
most the people can do—well, we don't
like to contemplate that. We love the
people, of course, but we are terribly
afraid of them."

"We love the black people more than
we do the whites. We love them so
much just before election that we in-
vite them to lunch. The rest of the
time the southern people can feed
them."

"We endorse everything Mr. Roose-
velt has done. We don't like to, but
we are compelled to. We shall argue
that he is 'sane' and 'safe'—but our
plan is to change the subject as soon
as possible."

"The constitution is a very old-fash-
ioned document and doesn't compare
to Mr. Roosevelt's ideas of govern-
ment. I should never be allowed to
stand in his way. After all, what is
the constitution between friends—the
friends of protection, of monopoly and
imperialism?"

"Speaking of imperialism—ours is a
great government, but it is nothing to
what it will be when Mr. Roosevelt
gets through with it. Imperialism
among other things is a good excuse
for blowing ourselves. It means new
offices and will help the organization.
The organization will help itself. We
believe in government of the organiza-
tion, by the organization and especial-
ly for the organization."

"Having thus put everything beyond
all question, we call upon the people
to stand by us. We hope they will not
interrupt our era of prosperity. We
believe with Lincoln that you can fool
some of the people all of the time and
all of the people some of the time.
We should like to fool all of the peo-
ple all of the time, but, realizing the
impossibility of this, we shall be con-
tent to fool a majority of the people
one more time."

WHY PARKER WAS SILENT.

Only a High-Minded Man Could Have
Acted as Did the Democratic
Candidate.

Judge Parker held a high judicial of-
fice which separated him from party
controversy, and when his nomination
for the presidency was suggested he
clearly made up his mind that he was
precluded from any personal effort or ex-
pression on his own part either to help
or hinder the result.

The Philadelphia Ledger (Ind.) says
this unexampled and unpractical atti-
tude was an offense to the practical
politicians on all sides, who professed
to see in it merely an evidence of
cowardice or of colorlessness, and insist-
ed that the candidate should be made to
speak out. The firmness with which
Judge Parker nevertheless adhered to
his deliberate convictions of propriety,
in the face of irritation and even of
insult, showed a high ethical standard
and a moral courage scarcely less than
that so forcibly displayed later when
the time to speak had come. The oc-
casion chosen for his message to the
convention was in absolutely logical
accord with his previous silence. Be-
fore he was nominated, he had no op-
inion to express upon the conven-
tion's action; when he was made its
candidate, he spoke with no uncertain
sound, giving the convention opportu-
nity to reconsider its action if dissatis-
fied.

SHORT AND TO THE POINT.

—Wherever our platform is silent,
the country can rely upon our candidate,
and where our candidate is silent, the
country can depend upon our platform.

—Houston Post.

—Democratic confidence is an ap-
preciable stable quality this year. It's
going to be easy to beat the First Cit-
izen of Oyster Bay if everybody keeps
moving.—N. Y. Daily News.

—Depew denies that he likened the
Roosevelt-Fairbanks ticket to "a bunch
of firecrackers and a long stick of damp
punk." But he hasn't said a better
thing in a long time.—Albany Argus.

—In the case of Judge Parker the
office seeks the man. In that of Presi-
dent Roosevelt it has been a relentless
and not altogether scrupulous hunt of
the man for the place.—Philadelphia
Record.

—The universal admiration evoked
by Judge Parker's courage is another
proof of the accuracy of Hosea Big-
low's statement that the people "Du-
like a man that ain't afraid."—Provi-
dence Journal.

—Secretary Shaw says that wages
have kept pace with prices. The man
who has to work to keep the dinner pail
'nill can prove by his own experience
that Secretary Shaw is talking for
votes, not telling the truth.—The
Commoner.

UNJUST DISCRIMINATIONS.

Violations of Law Which Breed Mo-
nopolies to the Direct Loss
of the Farmer.

Judge Gaylor, of New York, stated
it as his belief that rebates and secret
rate cutting to favored shippers has
led to the creation of trusts and com-
bines and that if the law was amended
to punish these discriminations the
trusts would be curbed. Perhaps Judge
Gaylor is a little too sanguine of the
effect that putting all shippers by the
railroads, be they great or small, on the
same footing would have, but there is
no doubt that taking from the trusts and
combines the discriminations which
railways in their favor would abolish
one of their great monopolies.

To the farmer of the west it does not
matter which trunk line carries his
wheat or corn to the seaboard, or whether
it eventually reaches the New York or
other city on the Atlantic or some port
on the gulf of Mexico. The interest
of the farmer ceases when he has sold
his grain to the buyer at the nearest
railway station. But it does make a
vast difference to him, if he ships a car-
load of grain, or cattle, or hogs to Chi-
cago or elsewhere, that the freight rate
charged him shall be no more than the
to the elevator company or the big cattle
buyer. It is also of the utmost impor-
tance to the farmer that he should have
an equal opportunity in being furnished
cars like other shippers, in fact that no
discrimination in rates or opportunity
shall be made against him.

As nearly all the railways are inter-
state corporations, it is necessary that
federal legislation should be enacted to
give the interstate commerce commis-
sion power to punish railway officials
who disobey the law. The present law,
as amended by the Elkins bill, makes
it a misdemeanor on the part of any
person or corporation "to offer, grant
or give, or to solicit, accept or receive
any rebate, concession or discrimina-
tion in respect of the transportation of
any property in interstate or foreign
commerce at a less rate than that named
in the tariffs published and filed."

But the law does not provide for a
way to punish a lawless railway offi-
cial and is therefore secretly, and often
openly, violated with impunity. The
republican majority in congress has al-
ways refused to vote for an amendment
to the law giving the interstate com-
merce commission the necessary power,
though the democrats have time and
again proposed such an amendment.

The same opposition from the republic-
ans prevented the monopoly breeding
protective tariff from being revised,
though the democrats have struggled
to reform it, but every republican in
congress has stood like a stone wall
against even reducing the tariff on those
products of the trusts that they sell
cheaper abroad than here.

Republican candidates for congress
and senators may declaim upon the
stump and make promises that they will
favor reasonable revision of tariff rates,
but their voices show they had no such
honest intention. Some of them seek
shelter under the plea that in a caucus
of republican members of congress the
majority decided to "stand pat" and
they had to keep within party lines.

That is an ancient dodge at Washington,
for the trusts and corporations always
have a majority of the republican mem-
bers ready to do their bidding.

If the farmers will pass resolutions at
their granges or clubs, demanding a
pledge from the candidates for congress
to regard party lines less and declar-
ing that otherwise they will vote and
work against such candidates' election,
there would surely be a majority in the
next congress that would pass the re-
fined demand.

THE MICHIGAN LOVE FEAST

It Showed Once More That the Aver-
age Republican Is Devoid of
All Finer Feelings.

Candidate Roosevelt made a mistake
in not attending the mass meeting un-
der the oaks at Jackson, Mich., to cele-
brate the fiftieth anniversary of the
birth of the republican party where its
first state convention was held. Prob-
ably he desired to give Secretary Hay
a clear field for his lavish eulogy; but
Mr. Hay is an old-school newspaper
man and would not have been deterred
by false modesty from publishing his
paid puff. Candidate Fairbanks was
present and was eulogized as "a man
in every way fit for the highest place
in the nation"—albeit omitted! Had Mr.
Roosevelt attended he might have said
something in his strenuous way about
Fremont, whose name is not even men-
tioned in the reports of the proceed-
ings. Fremont, "the Pathfinder," was a
popular idol, the first republican candi-
date for the presidency, as Roosevelt
is the last. Without Fremont there
would have been no Lincoln and no Sec-
retary Hay and no Roosevelt. A name
so important to the party should not
have been forgotten.

New York Town Topics makes the
pertinent observation that all the speak-
ers seemed paralyzed by the thought
that the work of the republican party
has been accomplished in 50 years, with-
in the memory of living men. Formed
to settle the negro question, yet the
negro question is more unsettled and
more threatening than ever. Its origi-
nal mission ended by emancipation, the
republican party then revived the whig
theory of a protection tariff. In